

The Triplet Warriors And Their Pup Mate Chapter 6 - Tips

My wolf immediately began howling, jumping up and down in my subconscious. He wanted to take over, and started demanding to shift. Our scouts said there were no she-wolves out here, did they miss her?

How could you miss that scent?! It was what I had been waiting my entire life for, and I wasted no time following it.

My wolf was not able to communicate with any she-wolf nearby, confusing me even more. I came to an old shed that was caved in, and I heard it ... a faint heartbeat that almost sounded human. There's no way there is a human out here, that can't be right! I frantically began ripping away pieces of wood and metal, tossing them behind me. It took a few seconds, but I saw her hand sticking out from the rubble and I cleared it swiftly.

It finally dawned on me, this was a pup, and she hadn't yet shifted. I yelled for help and in seconds Raul, one of our vamps appeared and helped me free her trapped legs. I nodded to Raul that I had it from here, and he vanished.

Her eyes looked like they were struggling to open, but when they did I was greeted with the most perfect blonde beauty with green eyes. She looked like she was struggling to keep her eyes open, but she gave me a weak smile. My wolf howled. I started to speak but she blacked out again, going limp in my arms.

I held my beautiful and perfect little mate, the very reason for my existence. Without even realizing it, I found myself scenting and nuzzling her, spreading my smell throughout her hair and neck. It immediately relaxed me, and I knew it would do the same for her when she woke up.

I stood up with my sweet little mate in my arms and ran back to our base. Raul quickly joined me and Shane called for our teleport. My mind was racing with every possible thought.

What was her name? Why was she in the shed? I moved my hand's position on her thigh and felt a sting.

"Raul, what the fvck just cut me on her leg," I yelled out.

He abruptly pulled a knife from her side and scanned her body for anything else, finding two more knives, one of which had cut her thigh. I grimaced at

that, wondering who the hell would let a pup have weapons. She didn't look like she could hunt a rabbit and kill it, let alone try to take on a wolf. She was essentially a human since she obviously hadn't yet shifted.

I looked up at Raul who was licking his finger, it had blood on it from her leg. Most vamps had no self-control around a human that was bleeding and I immediately growled at him. Suddenly Chance stepped in between us.

"Fly off Raul, get out of here," Chance said.

Raul continued slowly licking his finger and hissed at Chance when he was done, but disappeared anyhow.

"Douchebag," Chance mumbled.

He hated the vamps more than anyone since his brother was killed by one when he was a cub.

I soon felt the pull from Angel and held my mate close to my chest, ready to get her to safety. I found myself in the packhouse, well that's what I called it. It was the Shadow's headquarters, with two floors underground for the vamps and demons to lounge in, guest rooms and offices on the second and third floors. The witches and fae refused to share a roof with the rest of us and they had another house on the property.

The ground floor housed a kitchen, rec room and a large conference room that was also our "courtroom" so to speak. Only warriors were allowed to know its actual location, anyone else was teleported to and from, never allowed to see it from the outside.

"What happened, how is she hurt," Angel said, running toward me.

"She was hiding in a shed, I have no clue why, but she had a lot of debris on her and her legs were pinched under a fallen beam. There's a cut on her thigh and I think she may have internal bleeding, she was under some real weight."

She guided me down the hall and into a guest room, where I gently laid my mate on the bed. "You need to leave, I gotta get her clothes off to find her wounds," Angel said, matter of fact.

I started to growl at that, but quickly stopped myself. Pat ran in, a wolf who lives in the packhouse and is kind of a mom figure. I felt more comfortable with her there, and agreed to leave.

“Hunter, go fetch a large pot of hot water, and get some washcloths to clean her up,” Pat ordered. She was in no position ordinarily to give me any type of order, but I nodded in agreement. Anything to help my little mate.

I was back within minutes, carrying everything along with one of my t-shirts.

“Put this on her, once you get her cleaned up,” I said to Pat.

She nodded and looked at me with a worried face.

“What is it, what’s wrong,” I demanded.

“She’s got some broken bones and since she’s just a pup, her wolf can’t heal her, Angel can try a spell but we all know there is something that will heal her faster, and be painless-”

“No! No way,” I growled, not letting her finish her sentence.

“What do you care,” Angel demanded.

I looked at my sweet little mate and ignored them both. I couldn’t let out my secret just yet.

It was a very little known thing in the supernatural world, but vampire blood could heal humans, and really any creature. You didn’t even need much, probably half an ounce and she would immediately begin to heal. Obviously, vamps didn’t want this getting out, as it would put them at great risk.

“What’s your problem Hunter, what do you care about some kid,” Angel huffed.

She got in my face so I couldn’t ignore her. I stepped back a bit and put my hands up.

She was right, and I couldn’t give my secret away, now wasn’t the time. The thought of my mate having some sucker’s blood coursing through her veins made me absolutely furious, my wolf began to stir in my mind.

Godfrey suddenly appeared in the doorway. He was the council head and a vampire, basically everyone's serious and annoying uncle, all about business. He was well over four thousand years old and had long stopped feeding off humans so he wasn't seen as much of a threat. He often hunted with us shifters, they took the animal's meat and he drank their blood. He did everything possible to keep things in order, and being on the council, he was essentially one of five who determined your fate if you were brought to trial.

"I'll feed her, she needs to heal and quickly, letting her do it naturally will be extremely painful," he said.

He ran his hand over her leg and I felt my canines force their way out, ready to fight this beast who dared touch my mate.

"Her leg is broken, she will be in great pain when she wakes," he said, softly.

I yelled at my wolf to calm down, the last thing we wanted was for our mate to be in pain, she already must have been so terrified.

Godfrey looked at me, since I had found myself moving back toward my mate. My fists were balled and I was radiating anger. Anger that my mate was hurt, that there was nothing I could do about it. My wolf didn't understand or care about human issues, he didn't care that Godfrey's blood probably was the best thing for her. He wasn't letting a vamp near our mate.

Godfrey regarded me with curiosity.

"What is your attachment to the child Hunter?"